

THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department

Rules for Young Writers.
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be accepted.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

POETRY

WHEN I GET INTO BED.

I'm never frightened in the dark,
Though I am very small;
I never get all scared and hark
For Ogres in the hall.

But when my prayers are said
I have one awful dread,
That something waits to grab my toes—
When I get into bed!

I try to think of pleasant things
Each time I get undressed;
And how each day to evil brings
If children do their best.
But the thought comes in my head
As I am turning down the spread—
That something's going to grab my toes
When I get into bed.

And when there's nothing more to do,
With bedclothes open wide,
It makes me shiver 'tho' and thro'
A trying to decide
Which foot shall go ahead,
For I'm sure I'll tumble dead
If something ever grabbed my toes,
As I get into bed.

Burgess Johnson.

THE NEW BABY.

Yes, I've got a little brother—
Never asked to have him, nuther—
But he's here!
They just went away and brought him,
And just week the doctor brought him—
Where's that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why I thought at first 'twas jolly,
"Cause you see,
I thought I could go and get him,
And then mamma, 'course, would let him
Play with me!

But when once I looked at him,
"Why," I says, "Great Snakes, is that him?"
Just that mite!
And they said: "Yes, and ain't he cunning?"
And I thought they must be funnin'—
He's a sight!

He's so small he just amounts!
And you'd think that he was blazin',
He's so red!
And his nose is like a berry—
And he's head as I think Jerry—
On his head!

Why, he isn't worth a brick.
All he does is cry and kick,
He can't stop.
Won't sit up, you can't arrange him,
I don't see why we didn't change him!
At the shop!

Now we've got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him,
More'n a frog!
Why'd they buy a baby brother,
When they know I'd a good deal
rather
Have a dog?

Kansas Farmer.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Mr. Hoar Frost who makes every-
thing so white in the night is the son
of Jack Frost, and cousin to Miss
Dew, who bejewels the leaves and the
grass in the summer time.
Next to the sun, which is our star,
Jack Frost is important to us; and is
busy in our behalf the whole year
round. He is the father of rippling
brooks and wonderful waterfalls in
the mountains, and the great streams
of water from which the sun draws
up the mist which falls in rain and
snowflakes. Jack Frost could not make
snowflakes if the sun did not help him.
Jack Frost and the sun work
hard together every day like two
partners.

Jack Frost is never far away any
day in the year; and he lives in the
mountains all the year round making
glaciers and holding snow for the
sun to melt that the earth may be
watered and the seas be kept filled.
Heat is a child of the sun, and
Jack Frost cannot stay where heat is,
so in the warm months Jack Frost has
to fly a few thousand feet in the air
and remain there; but some years he
overcomes heat, and gives us a frost
every month in the year.

Jack Frost is an artist and in wild
countries he lives the grass and
adorns the trees and the rocks with
ice sheets and pendants; and man
never discovered how skillful he was
until glass windows were invented, and
he began to etch in frost leaves and
laces and landscapes on the window
pane.

Every snowflake is a raindrop that
has been crystallized by Jack Frost,
and from clouds to earth and earth to
clouds is the journey water is con-
stantly taking as mist and rain and

RHEUMATISM LEAVES YOU FOREVER

Deep Seated Uric Acid Deposits Are
Dissolved and the Rheumatic Poisons
Starts to Leave the System Within
Twenty-four Hours.

Every druggist in this country is au-
thorized to sell this rheumatic re-
ferrer in this vicinity that if two bottles
of Allen's, the sure, sound, and
rheumatism, does not stop all agony
reduce swollen joints and do away
with even the slightest traces of rheu-
matic pain, he will gladly return your
money without comment.

Allen's has been tried and tested
for years, and really marvelous results
have been accomplished in the most
severe cases where the suffering
agency was intense and tedious and
where the patient was helpless.

Allen's relieves at once. Immedi-
ately after you start to take it the
good work begins. It searches out the
uric acid deposits, dissolves the secre-
tions and drives rheumatic poison out
of the body through the kidneys and
bowels.

It's marvelous how quickly it acts.
Painful relief often comes in two days,
and even in cases where the suffering
is most painful all traces disappear in
a few days.

owner for it and was given permis-
sion to take it.
She picked Little Wee Pumpkin from
the vine and took him home with her
to make the Jack-o'-Lantern out of
him. She made him into a Jack-o'-
Lantern, and took him to the little sick
girl in the hospital. So Little Wee
Pumpkin had his wish after all.
GLADYS ST. JOHN, Age 11.
Moosup.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—Susie Hatten, of Mansfield Center—Oliver Twist.
- 2—Bertha Licht, of Versailles—Black Beauty.
- 3—Louise Leber, of Plainfield—Tales of Shakespeare.
- 4—R. Winton Main, of Norwich—Arabian Nights.
- 5—Lena Saslowsky, of Oakdale—Robinson Crusoe.
- 6—Bessie Glin, of New London—Navy Boys at the Siege of Havana.
- 7—Margie Gahan, of Voluntown—Tom Slade.
- 8—Helen Towers, of Lisbon—Jed's Boy.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Irene Bourry, of Glasgow—Many
thanks for the beautiful prize book
you sent me entitled Aesop's Fables.
I have read half of it and I find it very
interesting.
Rosa L. Barstow, of Plainfield—I
thank you very much for the prize
book you sent me entitled Miss Pat
at Buenos Aires.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to
assist him in his office and school.
Fifty applicants presented themselves
to him. Out of the whole number, he
selected one and dismissed the rest.
"I should like to know," said a friend,
"on what ground you selected that
boy, who had not a single recom-
mendation?"
"You are mistaken," said the gentle-
man. "He had a great many. He
wiped his feet when he came in, and
closed the door after him, showing he
was a gentleman. He gave his seat
to that old man, showing that he was
kind and thoughtful. He took off his
coat when he came in, and answered
my questions promptly, showing that
he was polite and intelligent."

"He picked up the book which I had
purposely laid on the floor, and re-
placed it upon the table, showing that
he was orderly. All the rest stepped
over it."
"He waited quietly for his turn, in-
stead of pushing and crowding. When
I talked to him, I noticed that his
clothing was tidy, his hair neatly
brushed, and his finger nails clean. Do
you not call these things letters of re-
commendation?"
SUSIE HATTEN, Age 14.
Mansfield Center.

The Ginger Bread Man.

Once upon a time there lived a little
old woman and a little old man who
did not have any little children of
their own. So one day the little old
woman made a little boy. When she
got the little boy made she made him
some little clothes. His coat was made
out of chocolate, his buttons were
made of yellow frozen sugar, his eyes
were made out of sugar plums. So
when she got the little fellow fixed she
put the pan into the oven and shut
the door. When she thought the little
boy was cooked she opened the door
and ran out of the door. And the little
old woman and the little old man ran
after him, but he said: "You can't
catch me, I am a Ginger Bread Man!"
But they could not catch him.
After a while he came to a horse, a
cow, a barn, a fox and they said:
"Stop! We wish to eat you!"
But he said: "I have run away from
a little old woman and a little old man,
and I can run away from you!"
But when the fellow got a little
wiser he said: "You can't catch me!
I am a Ginger Bread Man!" When the
little boy ran home he was very tired.
BERTHA WRIGHT, Age 15.
Voluntown.

Going Nutting.

One day some of my friends and I
made up our minds to go and nutting.
We decided to go so we each took a
bag, or a little basket and started off.
We walked a little ways and we
came to a nice nut tree. We began
to pick until our baskets were full. When
they were all full we started home-
wards.
We got home about four o'clock, and
we were all glad we went nutting.
ROSE DUBEAU, Age 11.
Plainfield.

Little Wee Pumpkin.
Little Wee Pumpkin wished very
much to make someone happy on
Thanksgiving Day. On the day before
Thanksgiving a beautiful lady came
to look for a pumpkin to make into
a Jack-o'-Lantern for a little sick girl
in the hospital who had been sick for
a very long time. When she saw Lit-
tle Wee Pumpkin she said it was just
the kind she wanted. So she asked the



Second Prize—\$2.75.
The Jack-o'-Lantern, by Eloise C.
Smith, of Norwich.

Frank and the Squirrel.

Once upon a time there was a little
boy named Frank. One day Frank
went to the woods to gather nuts. He
stopped to pick one when he heard a
noise from the leaves. He looked and
saw a squirrel gathering nuts for the
winter. The squirrel seemed to say:
"I am gathering nuts for my little
ones."
Frank said: "You seem to be very
busy. I am glad to see you working,
and I hope you will have enough for
all winter. When I come back I will
bring you some."
The boy went home very happy.
WILFRED CHAMBERLAND.
Baltic.

A Night on a Mountain Top.

The most interesting experience of
my vacation was spending the night
on White Face. We all got up early to
see the sun rise, and it was a won-
derful experience that I for one shall
never forget.
Fortunately we had a fine day for
our trip, and with our bags containing
food and a blanket apiece, strapped on
our backs, we started gayly out.
When we reached the top of the
mountain we found a sheltered place,
built a great fire, and cooked our
supper. It was a long, hard climb, es-
pecially the last stretch, for the top of
the mountain is bare rock and is very
steep and slippery.
I woke many times during the night.
It was cold and there were strange
sounds in the dark forest all about
us. We sat around the crackling fire,
and told stories for a long time, be-
fore we rolled ourselves up in our
blankets to go to sleep.
LENA SASLowsky, Age 3.
Oakdale.

A Trip to Rocky Point.

When I went to Rocky Point this
summer I went in an automobile. We
went on the tower and the merry-go-
round. We certainly had a lovely
time there that day.
It was a lovely day, too. A man
came along with some candy, popcorn,
peanuts and other refreshments. Then
we went and got a nice cold drink of
lemonade. After a while I went and
looked at the boats. They had some
beautiful music there.
The people I went with had twin
girls, and I took them on the merry-
go-round, too.
There were quite a few automobiles.
You could hardly pass, the road was
blocked so.
I enjoyed the ride very much for it
was a nice day to go riding.
EVELYN ST. JOHN, Age 12.
Moosup.

Yen.

Yen is a little Chinese boy. He has
yellow skin, black hair and small,
slanting eyes. His nose is broad and
flat.
Yen's head is shaved, all but a spot
on the crown. There is a long braid
hangs down his back. Yen's father
has a braid just like it. His head is
shaved, too.
His mother and sister do not have
their heads shaved.
Yen thinks a great deal of this long
braid of his. He would not have it
cut off for anything in the world. Yen
has small hands with long, slender
fingers.
He wears a cap of blue silk. His
dress is of blue and white silk. He
wears bright-colored trousers made
of silk. His shoes are made of black
cloth, with thick white soles.
ELLEN BOROVICKA.
West Willington.

Autumn and Winter.

Many people regret to see the cold
days of dull November fast approach-
ing.
But I love to see the leaves turning
crimson and gold and falling over the
streets and elsewhere.
Christmas is near, and I am sure by Christ-
mas there ought to be some sign of the
glittering snow which attracts most
of the little children's attention when
it comes down for the first time in the
year.
Most all the girls and boys love to
see the winter coming. I can't wait to
slide down hills, when it snows, and
they can also make snow men.
I once heard a little boy say he did
not like winter because the days were
shorter. His enthusiasm is exhausted
when he sees the blizzards sun go down
so early.
His thoughts are changed
when he sees the first snow storm and
thinks of sliding.
ELEANOR M. DOYON.
Plainfield.

Uncle Ben's Cure for a Balmy Horse.

One day Uncle Ben traded off one of
his horses for another. The one whom
he had bought it from was supposed to
be a blind man, who said the horse
would stand anywhere. It was one of
those horses which are very quiet and
gentle, but one night when they were
on their way to a meeting the horse
came to a sudden stop and would
not go forward nor backward, so
they left him standing and got another
horse from a farm near by.
They backed the wagon away from
him and went on. As they came home
they saw the horse, but he had
found her in the stable.
This happened during the cold sea-
son.
Then one summer when they were
gathering hay they had their wagon
full and started for the barn near by
when the horse came to a stop and
would not go on. They left her tied to
a post tall that afternoon and night.
So Uncle Ben soon learned his
lesson.
The horse was soon
after sold to a milk woman who had
taken a fancy to her, and never balked
again.
MARGIE GAHAN, Age 12.
Voluntown.

The Lost Bunny.

I wish to tell you about my two rab-
bits. One day I discovered that one
was missing. I made a wide search,
without success.
One of the boards on the coop was
lying on the ground. This gave me
an idea that he had escaped that way.
I inquired about him and learned that
he had been caught and killed by a cat.
His mate was sorry to lose him. I
have, as a precaution against such an
other disaster, nailed up the boards
more carefully.
ORRIN TALEBOT, Age 10.
Norwich.

A Visit to My Grandparents.

One Thursday night, when there was
no school the next day, my brother and
I walked to Oakdale and met my
grandfather and rode with him to his
home in Montville.
When we got there grandmother was
the door and supper was ready. We
sat down and ate supper. Then grand-
father told us jokes and grandmother
helped us with our spelling. Then we
ran across the yard and saw our
uncle and saw their dogs go
through their tricks. Then it was bed-
time.
The next day we went to my Aunt
Ethel's and stayed until 3 o'clock. Then
when we got back to grandmother,
Aunt Ethel gave me money to buy a
dress and grandmother gave a balloon



Sports that Boys Like

The Forward Pass

BY H. G. PAGE
Coach, Formerly Quarterback, University
of Chicago

An ideal player is one who (1) can
run and dodge like a cat, (2) who
can kick and (3) who can throw
pass. The younger learning to play
football asks three questions about
passing. How—when—where?
To be a successful passer comes only
with constant practice. Small hands are
unable to grip a ball, especially if wet,
therefore lay the ball in the palm
of the hand with the point in direction
of the objective. The ends of the
fingers, if the permits, should be in con-
tact with the lacing of the ball, and a
trifle back of the center. Thus when



Making Thanksgiving Favors

ST. CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

Your busy fingers may make these
just before it is time to help stuff the
turkey and bake the pumpkin pies. The
Thanksgiving table needs to be full,
but it also needs to be decorated. So
here are some favors that any girl can
begin planning today.
Candy Pumpkins
Wrap some sugar almonds in tissue
paper and then bunch them in cotton
basting so that this package of sweets
is pumpkin shape. Cover the whole
with orange crepe paper, winding it at
the top with green sewing silk to make
the pumpkin stem. Cut a leaf from
green crepe paper and paste it near the
stem. Stand one at each guest's place.

A Thanksgiving Indian

His body is a big and his head is a
prune fastened to the top with a tooth-
pick. His legs and arms are made of
raisins on toothpicks thrust into his
body. Fringe a bit of bright crepe pa-
per to make a feather that you stick in
his head with a pin. His face is carved
in the wrinkled prune with a sharp pen
knife.

The Pilgrim Pale-Face

This Pilgrim may stand beside the
Indian at each Thanksgiving place. His
head is a marshmallow fastened by a
toothpick to two or three other marsh-
mallows that make his body. Pop some
corn and string the kernels on fine wire
to make his arms and legs. Drops of
melted chocolate will do for his fea-
tures. Make him a tall hat and a long
cape of black crepe paper.

Making Log Cakes

For the very small candy sticks are used
for this, or if you can not find them use
short, straight twigs. Beside each
plate build the sticks of candy up in
log cabin fashion and stick a little
American flag in the top. If you use
the twigs, tie a bonnet to the flag be-
fore you stick it in the cabin or fill the
entire cabin with small candies.

Last Minute Favors

Cover candy boxes, snappers, or ice
cups with orange crepe paper. The ice
cups may hold raisins and shelled nuts.
Hollow r-vy apples and fill with rais-
ins, almonds and dates. Even a bowl
of orange ribbon, but could be
with a pin to fasten it to the guest's
frocks, will add to the table's beauty.

Miss Olympia

BY MOLLY PRICE COOK

Her nickname is "Miss Olympia."
You would think why I've read
about the Olympian games you will
understand. She is the athletic Ameri-
can girl, the girl who excels in out-
door sports.
She loves to walk. Why? Because
she knows how. She walks at least
two miles every day, and she does five
miles. She often goes on a twenty or
twenty-five mile cross country hike.
Ask "Miss Olympia" if she ever gets
tired and she will tell you:
"Of course not. I would though if
I didn't rest in shade, comfortable
clothes—a middy and skirt, no corset,
shoes with low heels and broad toes,
when it is cold a sweater or short coat."
Then too I experiment till I find
what length of step is easiest for me
to take. Then I walk lightly putting
the balls of my feet and my toes to the
ground before lowering my heels. I
walk with my body erect, shoulders
back, chest out, and chin in like a sol-
dier. I do not saunter along but walk
quite fast.

You like to run, Miss Olym-

Yes, I run a little every day—about
a block at a time. I was taught to
breathe deeply at all times but when I
am out of doors I take long deep
breaths that seem fairly to lift me off
the ground. Lots of girls do not
breathe. They do not know how. They
only leave their chests up and down.
I breathe from the diaphragm pushing
the waist muscles out as far as I can
when I take in a breath and pulling
in when I force a breath out.
Our family doctor says I am the healthi-
est girl he ever knew.

"Miss Olympia" is not conceited.

She is merely telling facts. She lives
right and that means that she really
is "Miss Olympia."

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To Tryon, my brother.
That night we all went to the mov-
ing pictures.
The next day we went to my Aunt
Alice's. We stayed until 3 o'clock,
then went to see our Cousin Hattie,
then home to grandmother.

Sunday my uncle took us home in
the car. We had a very nice time.
AGNES LATHROP, Age 11.
Uncaeville.

My Summer Vacation on the Farm.

I was surprised when my mother
gave her consent for me to visit my
aunt and cousin.
I immediately started to prepare for
my departure.

Not having any trolley car, we had
to go with my grandfather's horse. It
took us two hours but that was not
bad.

When I got there I was taught to
"tat," and that was important for me.
At last came night, and I fed the
little black pigs, and the chickens and
hens.

The next morning I decided to go
blueberrying with my cousins, but it
rained and so we could not go. I
passed the day sewing and talking.
Then it was time to go home.



For Girls to Make

Making Thanksgiving Favors

ST. CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

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Uncaeville.

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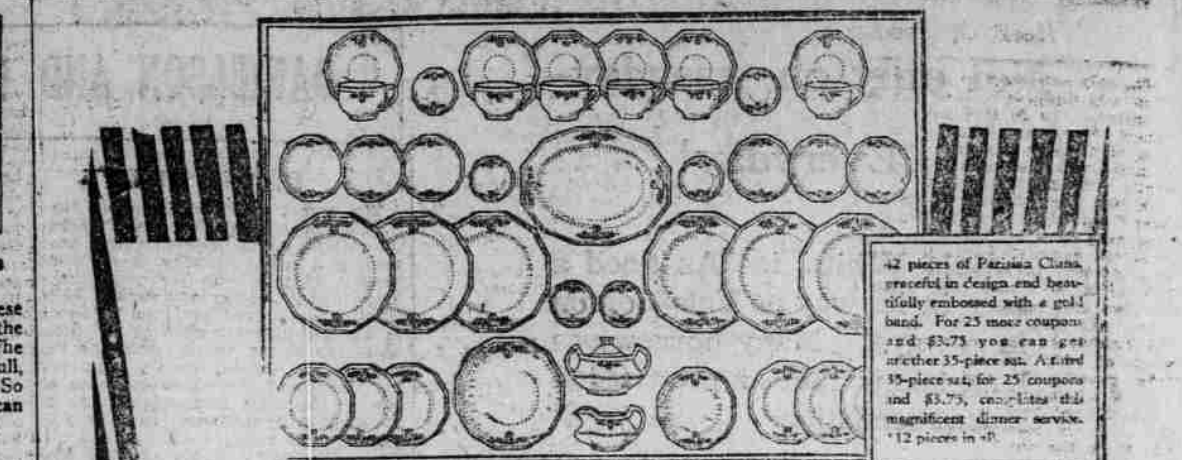
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Then it was time to go home.

Another summer I hope I may have



This Beautiful Dinner Set for You

A complete set of 42 pieces of handsome
Parisian China decorated with a rose pattern for
only 25 coupons and \$3.75 in cash. Every dust-
proof, odor-proof package of the famous

Wedgwood Creamery Butter

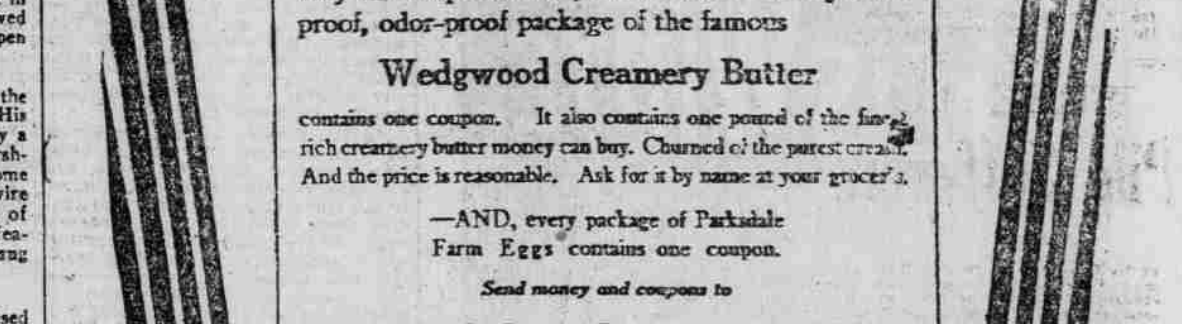
contains one coupon. It also contains one pound of the fine-
rich creamery butter money can buy. Churned of the purest cream.
And the price is reasonable. Ask for it by name at your grocer's.

—AND, every package of Parkdale
Farm Eggs contains one coupon.

Send money and coupons to

P. Berry & Sons, Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Sole Distributors for New England States



another interesting surprise.
DORIS M. BLIVEN, Age 10.
Voluntown.

My Kitten's Loss.

As I was standing in the doorway
one morning I saw that my kitten had
caught a very tiny mouse. After watch-
ing it about for a time, she decided to
bring it into the house, but could not
content herself with it indoors, so she
took it out again.
She kept telling Mr. Mouse run a
little ways from her, and then catch
him and toss him in the air again.
If Miss Kitten knew what was go-
ing to happen she would have de-